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THE

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

**T**HE Import Duties Bill has monopolised the attention of the House of Commons during the week, and it has had, as was expected, a relatively easy passage. Certain obvious points of controversy have been adjusted—the most important of these are the inclusion of maize and meat on the free list—but it is of the essence of the business that this is in no sense a final settlement of the issue of Protection, merely a preliminary tariff for revenue.

The measure on the whole has gone through more smoothly than could have been expected, in view of the thirty years controversy since Joseph Chamberlain raised the issue—or shall we not rather date the first revival of the Protectionist Cause from the Fair Trade agitation of the eighties of last century? The battle is not yet over, but at least it may be said that the decisive moment is now past.

### The Post Office

The enquiry into the Post Office administration, which is the direct result of an agitation that has been carried on by Lord Wolmer during the past three years, is really overdue. The ordinary man, whether in business or private life, has little complaint of the way in which the Post Office discharges its functions—except in regard to the telegraph service, which has long been run at a loss and is now in process of superannuation by the telephone—but he is beginning to realise that the business of the Post Office has enormously increased of late years, and it is clearly time that its administration is overhauled.

The major point in defence of the Post Office of course, will be that it is the Cinderella of the Government, and that it has to undertake not only services on which it estimates to make a profit, but also administration of social

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services—old age pensions and so on—on which it must make a loss. How far this can be set off against defects in administration, and possible overcharges on postal, telegraph, and telephone services, it is impossible for the layman to judge. But an impartial Committee will easily be able to settle the points at issue.

#### The French Elections

A change of government in France has resulted in little more than a reshuffle of the old ministry, and the substitution of M. Tardieu for M. Laval as Prime Minister. As the elections are to take place in a few weeks the new arrangement is clearly only temporary, for the result of the polls is by no means certain. For a year or two past it has been generally believed that they would result in a swing to the Left, and there are Conservatives in this country foolish enough to hope for such an event on the ground that it would be favourable to world peace.

One would have thought that even the most devoted adherent of Mr. Baldwin would have realized by now that most of the troubles of Europe are due to Socialism in one form or another, and a new *Cartel des Gauches* administration in Paris would only make the international situation more confused than ever. The march of events in Germany, however, may give the victory to the Right, though it is still early to attempt to prophesy.

#### Central America

Although no attention whatever has been paid to it in the British Press the situation in Central America is disquieting in the extreme, and the troubles that have been taking place in the different republics there are more serious than the usual South American revolution. They have a definitely Communistic origin, and are the result of the revolutionary propaganda that is spreading south from Mexico, where conditions are once more as unsatisfactory as they well could be.

In view of the importance of the Latin American market to British trade the growth of Communism is to be deplored, though it is true that the United States will be the first to suffer. The root of the trouble is, of course, the general slump, aggravated in the case of most Latin American countries by dependence upon a single product, but the form it is taking is sufficiently serious to merit an attention that it has not so far received.

#### Licence and Licentiousness

Is our magistrature an effective judge of the difference between poetic licence and licentiousness? I ask because an author has just been sentenced to six months in the second division on a charge of obscene publication, which was not borne out in the newspaper reports of the

case. Apparently all that he did was to translate Rabelais into English verse, and to use the word "bloody," which his counsel defended on the "Pygmalion" precedent.

Of course there may be more in the case than appears on the surface, and the poet in question did not improve his prospects by confronting the court in sandals and a scarlet robe, but I cannot help feeling that he may have been harshly judged, particularly in view of the fact that the publication had merely consisted of consulting a printer with a view to private circulation. Previous experience shows that the attitude of the courts cannot be too closely watched in these matters, as we learnt during the Jix regime.

#### Voluntary Death

Sir Arbuthnot Lane's plea for euthanasia makes an interesting addendum to a recent discussion on the ethics of suicide in these columns. Christian ethics and the law of the State are against both, but the point is an open one, as Dean Inge—no doubt with the classical tradition in mind—once admitted.

Where life is virtually at an end save for agonising pain, but death delays "its endless sleep" or what else may come thereafter, there does seem a common-sense case for euthanasia—always provided that the decision to end the day's long task comes from the person to whom that life, after all, belongs, and not from attendants or possible beneficiaries. But, since euthanasia is irrevocable, and the act by its very nature removes all chance of cross-examining the chief participant, it is obvious that any legal recognition of the practice would have to be very carefully safeguarded.

It is often whispered among laymen that doctors "already help their patients out" towards the end of a hopeless case, not indeed directly, but indirectly by leaving the means of extinction within reach of the sufferer. How far this may be true I have no knowledge, but it does seem to me that any recognised relaxation of the present rules must be very carefully guarded on another ground, since it would traverse the fundamental ethic of the medical faculty.

Every doctor is brought up to hold, as the first article of his creed, that life is the supreme boon, and that it is his absolute duty to preserve life to the last possible moment at all costs. If that doctrine is relaxed, and a relative standard substituted, a difficult position may arise in medical jurisprudence.

#### The Railway Position

The seriousness of the railway position, to which I alluded last week, has been accentuated by the announcement that the London and North Eastern is not even able to meet all its

prior charges, with the result that the whole of the pre-Ordinary capital, to the amount of 297 millions, is no longer eligible for trustee investments. This is the first occasion since grouping on which any company has found it impossible to pay even the smallest Ordinary dividend. Almost equally significant is the fact that the Southern, which has been far less hit by trade depression than the other lines, is for the first time paying less than the full amount on its Preferred Ordinary Stock. Traffics to date show no improvement, while the present wage reduction agreement does not run beyond the end of March.

Incidentally, the London and North Eastern position has led to the suggestion that the law regarding trustee investments is due for overhaul. Existing legislation goes back to a time when the prospect of a great British railway being unable to pay an Ordinary dividend was regarded as unthinkable. To-day it is a reality, but the fact that earnings do not permit of a distribution on the junior securities is no valid reason for treating Debenture stocks as not eligible for trustee investment, since they are still so well covered by earnings as to constitute gilt-edged securities.

The low level of last year's earnings has led to the usual crop of suggestions that the railway industry does not know its business. I hold no brief for the companies, but it is only a plain statement of fact that at no period in their history have the British Railways been managed with so much efficiency and economy, especially in the matter of standardisation of equipment. Their financial position is almost entirely due to trade depression, which has led to an immense reduction in the volume of merchandise offering itself for transport, and also reduced the money available for pleasure travel.

#### Senseless Censorship

The British Board of Film Censorship should really learn the elementary lesson that any censorship that endeavours to explain itself to the public is sure to make itself look ridiculous in the process. Its latest report, issued last week, contains the now customary platitudes as to the type of picture or incident that it will refuse to licence, but the Board apparently sees no inconsistency between its strictures on crime or "sex" films, and, the nature of the gangster pictures and unnecessary undressing scenes that it continues to licence.

On the other hand, there is no adequate explanation of the fact that so many Continental films of real value that are freely shown elsewhere, are either banned in Great Britain on a flimsy political pretext, or allowed to be shown only in a senselessly emasculated form.

#### The Waterloo Controversy

The eternal Waterloo Bridge controversy, which surely bores all but the participants to tears, still rages hotly, and at the present moment it looks as if it would remain a bone of contention long after the bridge itself has fallen into the Thames. As to the actual merits of the discussion, I cannot see how there is room for very much difference of opinion.

Undoubtedly the best solution would be for a great new bridge to be built at Charing Cross to accommodate six or possibly eight lines of traffic, with another new bridge at Waterloo with probably four lines of traffic. The former would take the bulk of the north-south traffic of the West End through Northumberland Avenue, and the latter would not be so large as to cause congestion in the East Strand-Wellington Street district.

If this scheme is too costly, then Charing Cross bridge will have to be left out and the present railway bridge (which looks like a flat iron) will have to remain in all its naked hideousness. But Waterloo Bridge will have to be rebuilt in any case; the attempt to ignore the engineering reports is merely silly obscurantism. And if rebuilt, it should be rebuilt on the assumption that Charing Cross Bridge is merely postponed for a few years. During that time traffic will have to use Westminster Bridge, and make the best of a bad job.

#### An Advance Review

*Lady Chatterly's Lovers is to be issued this week with drastic expurgations*

Oh what can the matter be?  
Though readers and writers, critics, reciters  
Are waiting agog, like a pond for King Log,  
To read Lady Chatterly?  
Why is she harshly berated  
Now she's so closely purgated?  
The Censors once batterly  
And old maids bespatterly  
Cast inkpots and mud in her way  
With bricks out of holier clay  
How fiercely and cattily  
On poor Lady Chatterly!

So what can the matter be?  
For now she is dressed as a frump  
Thank Heaven with crinolined rump;  
And bashfully comes to the publisher's drums  
The ex-Lady Chatterly—  
All dressed up for Sunday to please Mrs.  
Grundy,  
Her chiffon a little bit tatterly  
And ardours all cooling down latterly.  
Reformed Lady Chatterly—  
With Jaegers drawn down to her toes  
And policemen wherever she goes  
Oh what can the matter be  
With old Lady Chatterly?



## IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE

THE Irish people, as the late Mr. Kevin O'Higgins remarked on a previous occasion, have elected a Dail but have forgotten to choose a government. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more unsatisfactory outcome of an election than the present, and, whatever the future of the Irish Free State, it is bound to be a troubled one. Nor are the wishes of the electorate likely to be carried into effect, for although the largest section of the voters are clearly for Mr. De Valera, and a slightly smaller section for Mr. Cosgrave, it is, thanks to the working of the Parliamentary System, the insignificant minority who voted Labour that is now to control the destinies of the country, just as the Liberal Party did in Great Britain during the life of the late Parliament—with equal disastrous consequences.

That, however, is Ireland's own affair, and what concerns us on this side of St. George's Channel is the probable attitude of the new administration towards Great Britain and the Empire. Mr. De Valera has declared his intention of withholding the interest due on the land annuities, and of abolishing the oath of allegiance to the King. The consequence of the first measure will be to saddle the British taxpayer with the payment of the interest in question, which is guaranteed by the Treasury, and the result of the second must be to sever the last link that binds the Free State to the Empire.

In our opinion there can be no doubt whatever as to the line of conduct to be pursued by the British Government in these circumstances. Mr. De Valera must be told quite plainly that the Statute of Westminster was as far as this country is prepared to go, and that if the oath is abolished the Free State will cease to be a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations. There can be, of course, no question of preventing secession by force as President Lincoln did, but Irishmen all over the Empire will become aliens, and as such will be debarred from all official employment. Furthermore, Irish produce will not enjoy any preference within the Empire, and it will be subject to the same tariff as is imposed upon other foreign merchandise.

It is all very well to say that the oath is not part of the Anglo-Irish Treaty, but of the Irish Constitution, and that it is thus within the power of the Dail to alter it. This is perfectly true, but it begs the issue, which is that the British Empire is a hereditary monarchy, and that the portion of it which refuses to acknowledge the King ceases thereby to be a part of the Empire. There can be no compromise upon this point, and if Mr. De Valera wants independence he can have it, but the price will be a heavy one for a country that does 90 per cent. of its trade with Great Britain.

## CHINESE CRACKERS

THE cooing of the doves at Geneva is being drowned by the roar of guns at Shanghai, and it is eloquent of the meaning of peace in the modern world that although the Japanese and Chinese are killing each other by the hundred war has not been declared. Events have moved rapidly in the Far East during the past week, and they have brought two facts into prominent relief: the one is that Japan can do what she likes in China, since the powers have not the means to stop her, and the other is that the fighting qualities of the Chinese soldier, when properly led, have been undervalued.

Never, since the days of American neutrality in the late war, has there been such a plethora of Notes as at the present time. Almost every day some solemn pronouncement emanates from Geneva, or one of the capitals, calling upon the combatants to cease the struggle, and as regularly is it politely answered—and ignored. The League of Nations, having secured the evacuation of Manchuria by the Chinese, is still trying to save its face, quite oblivious of the fact that if all its members

were willing to put the appropriate sanctions into force against Japan they could effect nothing useful, and would in all probability suffer a most humiliating reverse. Ever since the Washington Conference Japan has been supreme in Far Eastern waters, and it is mere blind folly to pretend the contrary.

All that the rest of the world can do is to look on and hope for the best, refraining the while so far as possible from too great a display of hypocrisy. No doubt Japan has infringed more than one of the many agreements that every Power has signed so often and so light-heartedly during the past ten years, but most of the powers have done the same on occasions, and, in any case, she has not bilked her creditors.

In fine, this country can do little to control events in the Far East, as Sir John Simon wisely realizes, and the sooner we realize the fact the better. There are too many Imperial problems that claim our attention for us to have the time to pull the League's chestnuts out of the fire by the shores of the Yellow Sea.



## THE DISLOCATED CREDIT MECHANISM

BY PROFESSOR DR. ERNST WAGEMANN.

*Many different causes have been assigned for the economic blizzard which has overtaken the world during the past three years; over-production, under-consumption, tariffs, and currency. In the following article the distinguished German economist, who is President of the Imperial Statistical Bureau and Director of the Institute of Commercial Research, maintains that the gold standard is the exciting cause of the economic trouble, which he diagnoses as being a dislocated credit mechanism.*

**W**HAT is the word one hears on the lips of every Britisher to-day? Tariffs. This mass opinion in favour of a tariff policy represents a heavy defeat of the economic ideals which a progressive spirit, impelled by great scientific discoveries, carried to victory in England a hundred years ago. We must bear in mind that radical structural changes in almost every economic field have deprived both the theory and the policy of *laissez faire* of the conditions under which this regime grew up. It is true that the dogma of free trade based on the assumption of a natural harmony between the interests of all the independent economic forces, was never in complete accord with the realities, for the economic organisation based on unfettered production and competition—which is commonly described as capitalism—has never been able to protect the forces of production in any country from periodical disturbances in the form of economic crises. None the less, it has accomplished a great deal, for it has always succeeded in restoring prosperity by its own efforts. However, at present it would appear that this restorative mechanism itself has been put out of action.

The present crisis did not take us by surprise. Since 1928 it was, so to speak, over-due. For more than a hundred years there have been, at intervals of about eight years, disturbances in world economy, the last of which took place in 1920. This time, of course, the crisis has assumed far greater proportions than ever before. The fall in production is enormous. It amounts to over 30 per cent. Still more serious is the fall in prices, which approaches 50 per cent. in the case of wholesale values. Nevertheless, this difference, which after all is only one of degree, between this and previous crises, does not mean that those prophets who regard it as a sign of an economic world collapse are right.

There is one grave symptom which the economists of the various countries must have realised, but from which they have so far failed to draw practical conclusions. That symptom consists in the fact that after a period of crisis extending over two years there is no improvement in sight. World economy appears to be suffering from inanity. The economic automatism which has in the past always been effective as regards the financial and credit system has been put out of action. All crises are characterised by shrinking sales and reduced production. This contraction in the turnover of goods is a consequence of the process of financial liquidation, by means of which cash and ready capital are withdrawn from production without immediate re-investment. Liquid capital is hoarded up. At the same time the surplus at the banks

clamours for re-investment, so that the essential condition of a recovery and a new boom is present.

The credit apparatus, which is usually shaken at the beginning of each crisis, appeared to have remained for some time immune in the present case. The Wall Street catastrophe in 1929 occurred in the midst of stable financial conditions, and the banks appeared to be equal to the heaviest economic storms. Who would have thought it possible, therefore, that the credit system could be effected after the liquidation had progressed so far? But the impossible came to pass—the credit crisis which generally appears at the end of a boom period appeared in this instance after two years of price depression. If as a result of the credit difficulties a fresh bear tendency should appear, the consequences will be incalculable. It is necessary to do something now, at the eleventh hour. If the banking system which was previously the most cautious and far sighted element of our economic structure has failed in such a fatal manner, that is principally due to the interlacing of international credit, which has increased since the war, partly as a result of political debts, but also for various other reasons. In this connection it is quite clear that contradictions between national and international economic interests may lead to serious crises. Internal and external credit policies, erroneously of course, have been handled by different methods.

The gold exchange standard, as it was generally employed after the war, for the eking out of currency, has played a fatal part from the point of view of national economy. Foreign exchange is an order for foreign money, an economic asset which it was thought could be made equal to gold. But the fact was lost sight of that exchange was nothing but a debt claim on some foreign centre. The "golden banking rule" applies in such cases as in any other, i.e., that the credit and debit sides of banks' accounts must agree not only in regard to amount but also in regard to maturity. This applies internationally as much as nationally. This principle has, however, been extensively infringed. The result has been an impairment of confidence, and a consequent withdrawal of ready capital from production.

If there are economic possibilities of eliminating the danger of a further aggravation of the crisis, they lie in international co-operation with the object of overhauling a completely antiquated credit apparatus. Although the introduction of the gold exchange standard represented an attempt to modernise the credit apparatus, this has been done in an entirely mistaken manner. A radical currency and credit reform is the only thing that will lead out of the crisis.

## MEASURING THE TIDES OF THE AIR

BY PROFESSOR SYDNEY CHAPMAN.

**A**N old Lancashire woman who had spent all her life in her native inland town without ever seeing the sea, was at last induced to take a short holiday at Blackpool. Arriving in the evening, she awoke early next morning in her excitement at the new scenes before her. She had brought a bottle with her to hold some seawater to take back to her people at home. She arose and decided to find her way to the sea front to fill the bottle before breakfast. The tide was at the flood, and she had no difficulty in filling the bottle from a landing stage.

An old sailor standing at the entrance to the landing stage, sensing her innocence, said "Threepence, mum," as she returned to the promenade, and with no thought of questioning his demand she paid up and returned proudly to her lodgings with the full bottle.

Later in the morning she walked down again to the promenade, by which time the tide had ebbed considerably; passing the old sailor again, she gave him her friendly congratulations: "Eh, master, tha's done good business this morning!"

It must be difficult now-a-days to find people so unaware even of the existence of the tides as this old soul, though perhaps not many could explain very clearly how the tides are produced. It is common knowledge, however, that they are due to the gravitational pull of the sun and, still more, the moon, on the waters of the sea—the same pull that guides the planets in their courses heaps up the waters beneath the moon. The same pull, too, heaps up the atmosphere in which we move, and, unknown to most of us, causes a great tidal wave to pass twice daily over our heads as we walk and move on the bed of the aerial ocean.

Doubtless crabs in the shallow water near the shore are conscious of the increase of pressure as a breaker rolls over them. If they are near enough to the shore, they may also feel the wash of the waves. But the creatures that live on the bed of the deep sea must be quite unconscious of the ocean tide. The rise and fall of the waters in the great oceans is small, not more than a foot or two—it is only in restricted channels, such as those round our coasts, or in the Bay of Fundy, that the confined tidal currents cause great changes of level. The addition of an extra few feet of water overhead must pass unnoticed by creatures that constantly bear the pressure of many thousands of feet of water.

In like manner we human beings live on the bed of an aerial ocean that extends upwards—though with continually decreasing density—for hundreds of miles. If its density were the same all the way up as it is near the ground, it would be about five miles deep, comparable with the Pacific Ocean at its deepest. The heaped-up air at the crest of the tidal wave in the atmosphere is spread over all heights, but is equivalent to an addition of two feet of the air of the same density as near the ground. Two feet added to five miles or about 26,000 feet! This is as imperceptible to us as the ocean tides are to the deep sea crabs. And the two feet refers to the equator, where the tidal wave is greatest; in European latitudes the addition is much less—only about six inches.

How then is it known that the air tide exists? It has been discovered by careful analysis of the records of registering barometers. Here in England the barometer moves up and down by three inches or more, as cyclones and anti-cyclones come and go. But while these great movements go on, the moon also is twice daily, near the times when it crosses the upper and lower meridians, heaping up the air slightly and causing a small undulation of the barometer, every twelve hours and twenty-five minutes.

This rise and fall, superimposed on the big movements of the barometer, is too small to be perceived in the records for any one day, and cannot be detected by analysing a year's records. Its whole range in the barometer at Greenwich is two-thirds of a thousandth of an inch of mercury—much less than the thickness of the pen trace on an ordinary recording barometer. It has been detected by taking all the days in 60 years when the barometer was nearly steady, the total change in the day being less than one-tenth of an inch. The hourly records on these days were re-arranged according to lunar time, and the average value found for each lunar hour. And thus, from about 160,000 hourly values, the curve was obtained which shows the double daily rise and fall of pressure due to the moon.

Two effects of the tide have been found, which, like the tide itself, are of very small magnitude, but of some scientific interest.

Anyone who has pumped up a tyre knows that when air is compressed its temperature rises; the slower the compression, the less the rise of temperature, because the heat generated by the compression has time to leak away. Now at high tide in the atmosphere, the slight heaping up of the air, causing the increased pressure revealed by the barometric records, also produces a slight rise in temperature; at low tide, conversely, the temperature is reduced. Thus the thermometer shows the lunar tide as well as the barometer. At the equator, where the effect on the thermometer is greatest, the whole change of temperature due to the moon is only  $1/80$  degrees Fahrenheit.

The other consequence of the tide in the air is less direct. The tidal currents, moving in the earth's magnetic field, behave like the moving armature of a dynamo, and cause electric currents to flow in the Heaviside layer, 60 miles up, where alone the air is sufficiently conducting to allow the electricity to flow.

These electric currents effect the compass needle and cause it to undergo a double daily oscillation; this is very small, but can be detected from careful records of the direction of the compass. The changes of compass direction due to the moon, like those of pressure and temperature, are extremely minute, and of no practical interest to the mariner or the surveyor who uses a compass. Yet they have interesting information to give about the Heaviside layer, information which, because of its bearing on radio propagation, may yet be of practical importance in the ordinary affairs of mankind.

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT**DO MISSIONARIES CREATE UNREST?**

YES, BY CAPTAIN E. M. WALKER.

THE upsetting of any established order, and its replacement by another is bound to create unrest, and this is true in the case of missionary activities. Any unbiassed and observant traveller will confirm that where a nation, or a collection of tribes were once happy in their naked ignorance, and satisfied with their deities, demons, or whatever beings or objects they worshipped, they have become morbidly conscious of their lack of clothing, delicate in health, and by no means improved in character since imbibing the doctrines of Christianity as served up by certain missionaries.

I say "served up" and "by certain missionaries" because for the purposes of this argument I am going to specialise. For the generality of these servants of God I have nothing but the profoundest admiration and respect. I call it serving up religion when a missionary does not practise what he preaches.

In the course of many years experience of India, Ceylon, the Near East, Papua and the South Sea Islands, I came across several "queer fish" who called themselves missionaries. In their wake followed nothing but disillusion, decay, bigotry, crime, and despair, and if these are not attributes of unrest I have yet to learn the meaning of the word.

Before the War, I was in a certain Native State in India, and in my District there were three Missions, all of different denominations. The people of the State were poor, many of them "untouchables" and presumably a fruitful field for proselytism. The three missionaries, two of them married, one with a sister keeping house for him, were at "daggers drawn." There were practically no other white people in the District, yet these three families not only refused to intermingle, but forbade their few converts to have any intercourse with the "flocks" over the way. "Love thy neighbour as thyself" they taught—but what could the poor ignorant Indian think of behaviour like that? Do not those "bearers of the torch" create unrest?

Arriving at a *dak bungalow* in another District, I heard a loud series of bangs, like small cannon being discharged. The Rest House "boy" informed me that the local priest was blowing sins away, and would I like to see the *tamasha*? I went, and found that for a sum of four *annas* any Indian Christian could have his sins blown away out of two little brass cannon—relics of pre-Mutiny days. The sins were written on paper, enclosed in a wad of coconut fibre, and rammed down the muzzles of the guns! Those who could not afford it, went unconfessed. Shades of Luther! The resultant unrest and envy led while I was there to a case of stabbing and theft to provide the funds for salvation.

Some missionaries in the South Sea Islands, are really glorified "traders," any profits they make going ostensibly, to the furtherment of their Mission. With that I have no quarrel, provided the white man lives cleanly and honestly and practises what he preaches. But one trip I made in a small pearling schooner to an outlying *atoll* was an eye-opener. The local missionary had forbidden

NO, BY B. R. BEDDY.

THE recent case in which the activities of a British missionary, Father Verrier Elwin, the self-confessed "chela" or disciple of Gandhi, have resulted in his being deported from the North West Frontier of India, has led many people to resurrect the old charge that missionary enterprise is largely responsible for the present unrest in the East. "Why interfere with other peoples' beliefs and customs?", ask the more ignorant of the critics, blind to the fact that Christian missionaries are in duty bound to obey the New Testament precept "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Others, whilst admitting that missionaries are morally obliged to propagate the tenets of their faith, maintain that their work does more harm than good and should therefore be officially discouraged. They have little difficulty in making out a *prima facie* case in support of their arguments, but in nine cases out of ten it will be found that their deductions are based upon isolated cases in which some missionary has lost his head or failed to live up to the exacting standards of his sacred calling.

Despite the many mistakes—the countless crimes—that have been committed in the name of Christianity, it would be idle to deny that at least three-quarters of the humanitarian work in the world to-day came into being as the direct result of the practical expression of Christian ideals. True, there has been more than one Marcus Aurelius, but there have been countless William Wilberforces, Florence Nightingales, Lord Shaftesburys and Father Damiens.

Even more convincingly from the days of Livingstone and before, missionaries have proved themselves to be the cream of Christian workers. To suggest that their message of "peace on earth and goodwill among men" has produced strife is to twist facts to fit ready-made theories. In the thick of the civil war in China, a missionary in charge of a large hospital in the province of Fukien was recently approached by the rival commanders, converging on the town in which the hospital was situated. They asked him to act as mediator between the hostile forces. He agreed, and laboured to such good purpose that fighting ceased in the vicinity, which enabled him to extend his work with the enthusiastic co-operation of the local authorities.

Again the late K. P. Paul, a delegate to the Round Table Conference, who did such conspicuous work to bring about a peaceful settlement, was a native Christian who owed his whole outlook on life to his early education at the hands of missionaries. The very fact that Gandhi and his followers have officially adopted a programme of non-violence in preference to a policy of bloodshed is almost certainly due to the unconscious adoption of Christian principles of conduct propagated by missionaries.

Reform must ever be the watchword of the true missionary, and the mere fact that it so often runs counter to old-established customs in Eastern lands is enough to lead to friction with the authorities at times. But there are certain gross abuses, like the old practice

(Continued overleaf)



YES.

DO MISSIONARIES CREATE UNREST?

NO.

the use of *kava* or native drink, yet he supplied gin at exorbitant prices. He insisted on the men, women and children once perfect in their lovely, naked symmetry, and as healthy as "sand boys," wearing bag-like cotton robes. These strange garments had to be washed daily, and were often put on damp, causing colds and pneumonia. There were half-breed children on the Islands, and no other whites! That there was also unrest is not surprising.

Admittedly these are extreme cases, quoted for purposes or argument only, and not to be taken as typical of what goes on "East of Suez." There are, nevertheless, blots upon the missionary escutcheon.

Again, the finest type of missionary may easily become the unwitting and innocent cause of embarrassment and unrest in official and other circles when—as so often happens—he is caught and held to ransom by native brigands.

China has of late become notorious for cases of this kind, and many a devoted servant of God has met his doom because of some hitch in the payment of his or her ransom.

of "suttee" which forced the Indian widow to cast herself on the funeral pyre of her husband, which no self-respecting nation can tolerate in territories under its protection—and their ultimate abolition and condemnation by enlightened natives nearly always follows to justify the opposition of the missionary pioneer.

Of all the criticisms levelled at missionaries, the most absurd is that which charges them with spreading the evils of white civilisation among native races. In this instance the missionary has long been the scapegoat for the sins of the trader, who, with certain notable exceptions, has pursued his calling with a callous disregard for the welfare of his native customers. The fact that the Maoris have not merely maintained their status, but are actually thriving in peaceful co-operation with their white brothers, is solely due to the discriminating activities of New Zealand missionaries.

Missionaries to-day are faced with problems from which a Mussolini might well flinch. But the vast majority realise that their job of caring for the souls and bodies of their flock is a whole-time occupation which precludes any interference in political issues.

## TENNYSON AND THE SEARCH FOR IMMORTALITY

### II. THE IDEA OF SPIRITUALISM

By L. S. PEAKE.

TENNYSON believed in a future life because he felt that he was in communion with the Unseen.

In one sense Tennyson was a spiritualist; in another sense Tennyson was not. Tennyson's brother was a confirmed spiritualist. He believed in table-rapping, in an unmusical girl being made to play the most difficult music through invisible influence, in an old gentleman being conveyed through solid walls all in a moment, and found in the courtyard of a house a mile and a half distant, the gates of which were closed and locked. On one occasion a lively discussion took place between Tennyson and his brother on this very subject.

"I grant you," says Tennyson, "that spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks: but I am convinced that God and the ghosts of men would choose something other than mere table legs through which to speak to the heart of man. You tell me that it is my duty to give up everything in order to propagate spiritualism. I cannot see what grounds of proof (as yet) you have to go on. There is really too much flummery mixed up with it, supposing, as I am inclined to believe, there is something in it."

At the same time Tennyson believed that there was a very real communion between this world and the next. The mother in "Rizpah" hears the voice of her dead son calling to her upon the wind. The child in "The May Queen" hears angels beckoning her to them as she lies dying in the wild March morning. The lover in "The Sisters" feels that, though dead, they are still gliding about him locked hand in hand. In "The Ring"

the veil that hangs between earth and heaven is rent in twain, and "the Voices of the day are heard across the Voices of the dark." In "Happy" we are told that this is only a casual experience while we are alive on earth, but by and by when we "stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon Hill," this experience will be a normal event. The old man in "The Ancient Sage" more than once passes into the Nameless, "as a cloud melts into Heaven." The Prince in "The Princess" is subject to weird seizures in which he knows not how to distinguish the shadow from the substance.

"On a sudden in the midst of men and day,  
And while I walk'd and talk'd as heretofore,  
I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,  
And feel myself the shadow of a dream,"

In the same way Arthur in "The Holy Grail" feels that there are times when

"this earth he walks on seems not earth,  
This light that strikes his eyeballs is not light,  
This air that strikes his forehead is not air  
But vision."

Tennyson uses these visions not only to demonstrate the reality of the self, but also as a proof of immortality and of a possible communion between the living and the dead.

The most striking illustration of all is to be found in the 95th canto of "In Memoriam." Here the poet tells us how he has been sitting on the lawn on an evening in the summer. The rest of the party have gone into the house, and Tennyson is alone reading some

letters from his departed friend. Suddenly he falls into a kind of a trance, and during this trance the dead man seems to communicate with him.

"So word by word, and line by line,  
The dead man touch'd me from the past,  
And all at once it seem'd at last  
His living soul was flash'd on mine.

How long the vision lasted Tennyson could never tell. It came to an end in a moment of returning self-consciousness and critical misgiving. The dim outlines of trees and animals appeared as before. A breeze began to waken the flowers, and the trance was at an end. And although in later years Tennyson drew back from the full assertion made in the above verse, and altered "His living soul" to "The living soul" he nevertheless believed that he had been in communion with the Unseen and with his departed friend.

Tennyson indeed was subject to a peculiar kind of trance and has himself given us a note about it.

"A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, right up from boyhood. When I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me thro' repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clear, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life."

"The Life of Tennyson" by his Son. Page 320.

Thus while Tennyson rejected the cruder forms of spiritualism as table-rapping or making an unmusical girl play divine melodies through invisible influence, he nevertheless believed that there was a very real communion between this life and the next. The galleries of the unseen world were crowded with spectators. The battlements of the Holy City were filled with an eager multitude of men and women. As Tennyson steps out into the arena to run the great race of life, like the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he too is conscious of the great cloud of witnesses.

"No visual shade of someone lost,  
But he, the Spirit himself, may come  
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;  
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost."

"In Memoriam" Canto XCIII.

In Tennyson's case this belief in Immortality received further sanction in the argument from instinct. Belief in a future life is a universal experience, and this universal experience cannot reasonably exist unless there is some foundation for it. Man "thinks he was not made to die."

"Those that in barbarian burials kill'd the slave,  
and slew the wife

Felt within themselves the sacred passion of the  
second life.

"Indian warriors dream of ampler hunting grounds  
beyond the night;  
Ev'n the black Australian dying hopes he shall  
return, a white."

"Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

## SEA-SONG

By P. HOOLE JACKSON.

There she lies in her cold still beauty,  
White sails on her as, long ago,  
Greek sails swept to win back Helen,  
(Spear and catapult, sword and bow).  
There she dreams, as she dreams by Lemnos,  
Black hulls on her and smoke and flame,  
(Sword and bayonet, gun and cutlass).  
Bearing heroes to death's old game.  
There she swells in the rolling cadence  
Sung when Victory led the line,  
(Boarding-nets and muzzle-loaders).  
Red blood dripping to her like wine.  
There she hides in her misty veiling,  
Grey, cold combers and blinded ships,  
Ghost-like enemy, fleeing, firing,  
Lion lashing with red-hot whips.  
There she spreads to far horizons,  
Liners sliding over the wake  
Where the rovers dared and hied them  
(Hawkins, Frobisher, Raleigh, Drake).

Harry loved her, Bess queened o'er her,  
In her bosom she hides her dead,  
Out of her what a thronged uprising  
When God's bugle sounds its Dread.  
Moor and Spaniard, Dutchman, Grecian,  
Strange fierce men and stranger ships,  
Rising up to the seas of heaven  
To crowded mooring and ghostly slips.  
Knife and cutlass, gun and pistol,  
Flung in the plumbless sea of God,  
Brothers of ocean roaring chanties  
Where His waves greet the heavenly sod,  
Turk, barbarian, Dyak rover,  
Men of the seas; queer, restless brood,  
Slayers, heroes, grey sea-masters,  
Gathered to meet the Godly mood,  
Where He judges them on their ocean;  
Who shall say what He may decree,  
For wilder than they, more fierce, more deadly,  
God himself made their realm—the sea.

## STORY

## TRAGEDY AT 91

BY EARDLEY BESWICK

THE "boys" were mysteriously busy in the attic. Great-aunt Janey was alone, sitting by an open first-floor window. Her needles, slipping in and out of the woollen meshes, made a tiny noise like the chirping of an old feeble cricket. There were people about the airless pavements below, and in other houses women leaned out of their windows gossiping, their bare arms resting on the sills.

"She'll never come 'ome no more. Someone's bin and done 'er in, if you arst me. P'raps 'e's bin and cut 'er up like the Frenchwoman."

"Don't talk so 'orrible. P'raps she's oney gone for a bit of an 'oliday with a gentleman."

"Yes, and I ses p'raps the gentleman 'ave done 'er in, poor thing. She wouldn't be the first."

Not "holding with" across-street conversation, Aunt Janey had refrained from leaning out. Even to hear them vexed her. Such horrible talk. She reached up and, pulling down the sash, shut it out. She was such-a-one-to-keep-herself-to-herself. Number 91 was the only house in the street the rooms of which accommodated neither sub-tenants nor lodgers. Proper-respectable Aunt Janey was, after her years of service in superior families.

They were talking about that young Martin woman who had vanished, leaving the street the better for her absence. Great-aunt Janey was not interested in her any more. She had something else to worry over. She was one of the worrying sort, though admittedly anyone responsible for young Alf might be expected to worry. Aunt Janey, who knew him to be as good as gold at heart—she loved him—had nevertheless an abiding habit of painfully wondering what he was up to. There was always something to worry about where Alf was concerned. Even now the Martin woman was out of the way, she was not able wholly to be at her ease.

To speak impartially, Alf was a bit wild. She attributed that alternately to the pictures, to those dreadful crime stories boys read, and to the long idle weeks on the dole that form so unavoidably large a part in the life of a working-class youth. Luckily he was in work now, as was Fred, his pal, though under a different employer, so that they only saw one another in the evenings.

Aunt Janey had encouraged the friendship with Fred, had welcomed him in the house. Anyone could see that Fred was a nice sort of young man. He was polite, and she had a suspicion that he played up to her. None the less she had felt she could rely on his influence to counteract the dangers represented by the Martin woman. Latterly, though, he had become evasive, and there had been a stealthy air about the two of them that puzzled her. For several evenings they had hardly left the house, spending all their spare time in the attic. Doing what? Some night ago, it must have been near midnight, she had been roused by the noise they made carrying something up the stairs.

Alf was evasive, too, when questioned, he who was usually so straight. She had made a point of inquiring

into his doings ever since, six years ago, she had saved him from a place called Borstal by promising the magistrate to look after him. Thereupon Alf's career had become her responsibility. He had left, not unwillingly, the slipshod household of his father, her nephew, a wastrel whom, however, she remembered to have nursed and loved as a baby.

Luckily at the time of Alf's trouble she had been in a position, thanks to the legacy of the house and a small annuity, rewards of faithful service, to devote herself to saving him from repeating the career of his deplorable father. In those six years she believed he had grown to love her a little in return for all her care. Now that she was getting old, too old to climb stairs even, he performed for her many gracious services. He did the shopping, carried up the coal, would even scrub a floor, and, most appreciated of all, he brought a cup of tea to her bedside before leaving for his work in the morning. If ever she had thought of marriage it had been to idealize the possession of a husband who never failed to bring to her bed a morning cup of tea. If only Alf had not been so recklessly liable to fall foul of the police—silly pranks mostly, but terrifying to her in view of responsibilities accepted—her last years would have been completely happy.

She put aside her knitting and rose from the springless old chair. She eyed for a moment the concave padding. The horsehair curled out from gaps in the shiny covering. It was getting done. That did not matter. It would last her time. She would be eighty-three on the fifteenth.

There was a noise from above. Something heavy being dragged across the attic. What could they be doing so mysteriously up there? She was too old for all this worry—eighty-three on the fifteenth. She moved slowly across the room to study a gay wall-calendar.

The fifteenth—that was to-morrow. How the days flew by! A slow smile lit her wrinkled features. Perhaps after all those dear boys were only making something for her birthday. That would explain it all. She blessed them wordlessly from a full heart.

Cheerfully she commenced to lay a few supper things ready for when they came down. She hoped they would not be long. She could not stay up late, and she wanted to tease them with questions about their mysterious business in the attic. Last night when Fred could not come Alf had been up there all alone until after midnight. She knew, for she had not slept until she heard him come down for supper.

That must be Fred's mackintosh hung up over Alf's coat on the pantry door. They both fell down when she opened it for the bread and milk. How careless boys were! There were pegs enough to hang their things on properly. She gathered up the fallen garments.

A piece of paper, a letter apparently, was on the floor now. It must have fallen from a pocket—Alf's



coat or Fred's mac? She brought it to the table, lit the lamp, and peered at the scrawling, boyish writing: Alf's writing. She could still see to read, thank God!

"Dear Fred, I have stripped the body and covered it with sacking . . ." What was that? She stared round, open-mouthed, stricken. What could that mean? The room was swirling. By an effort of will she fixed it and read on.

"Dear Fred, I have stripped the body and covered it with sacking. Come early to-night and we will finish the job. Bring your saw, but keep it under your coat, as I think we shall have to remove the legs. We can nail it up and move it after she has gone to bed. She sleeps heavy. I've cleared up the mess. Burn this.

Yours,

Alf."

She had got hold of the edge of the table, so she did not fall. She must think. How many nights was it since the Martin woman disappeared! Thursday, Wednesday, Tuesday. That would be the night she heard them carrying something heavy up the stairs.

"I have stripped the body and covered it with sacking" . . . If that meant anything it meant murder. There must have been a quarrel, an accident. Alf was as good as gold at heart. He would not hurt a fly. But the police would have it in for him. "Burn this." Her mind had at first skipped the last words. They were half expected, for the boys had a romantic habit, born of penny-worth of fiction, of ending the most innocent notes thus. Still, in this conjunction the words acquired significance. This letter might help to hang them . . . hang her Alf!

Straightening her feeble body she held the letter forward over the chimney of the lamp. A sooty flame flared up to catch it, and holding it like a torch she moved a few steps to the empty fire-grate. There she let the crinkling black ash fall, and watched the flame expire in consuming the last white corner as she loosed it. That was done anyway. She was trembling. Her knees were loosened, and she sank to the floor. Crouching there she thought of the boys in the attic. She no longer wondered what they were doing. She could picture only too clearly their horrible work.

How funny her head felt. Her brain was going numb. Her scalp seemed constricted. Instinct taught her she must seek her bed. Slowly on hands and knees—how the heavy skirt hampered her knees—she reached the bedroom. Still kneeling she laid her head on the counterpane, her thin arms stretched out across the bed. She wasn't a young woman. Eighty-three to-morrow. The boys would be making up a surprise for her. Her Alf . . .

"I have stripped the body and covered it with sacking." She could just hear a faint hammering from the attic. They were nailing something up.

\* \* \*

It was early morning. Alf was about, making tea. He stole across the kitchen for the cups and saucers. On the gas-ring the kettle was beginning to hiss. Downstairs there was a smothered tapping at the outer door. Alf stole down and let in Fred. Together they tip-toed into the room.

"Here's the milk. I brought it up," said Fred in a hushed voice, afraid lest he should wake the sleeper in

the next room. He stood in a swaggering attitude, hands in his pockets, looking admiringly at a "Chesterfield" couch, vividly upholstered in brilliant cretonne, which in the night had taken the place of Aunt Janey's old horsehair chair.

"Not so bad for amateurs," he half-whispered, huskily. "Old Hyman'd want more than five bob for his sofa if he could see it now, eh!"

"Not half he wouldn't, old son. Tea's brewed. I'll just take her a cup in and wake her, and then we'll carry it right into the bedroom so's we can see her see it before we go to work."

Bearing the cup of tea carefully he pushed open the bedroom door, and stood still on the threshold.

"You're spilling the tea, you mug," said Fred.

"My God, Fred!" he said, "Come here, quick." It wasn't that he was trying to whisper now.

The tea cup slipped off the slanted saucer, and crashed on the floor, but the noise didn't wake Aunt Janey.

## FILMS BY MARK FORREST

*To-night or Never.* Directed by Mervyn Leroy. The Tivoli.

*Sooky.* Directed by Norman Taurog. The Plaza.

*Emma.* Directed by Clarence Brown. The Empire.

THE sudden demise of "Frankenstein" was somewhat unexpected, however Boris Karloff, who played the monster, lives on at the Tivoli in the picture which has replaced it. He has only a small part, that of a waiter, but those people who are curious to discover the secrets of make-up will perhaps be interested to look upon him as he really is. They will, I am afraid, be interested in little else in this new vehicle for Gloria Swanson. There are her gowns by Chanel, but I am no expert upon the intricacies of women's clothes; they all looked very nice to me, but, as women always insist that they don't dress to please men, whether I or any other man finds them charming doesn't matter.

Gloria Swanson was last seen in "Indiscreet," where she was directed by Mr. McCarey; in that picture her lightness of touch was evident, but the story was not properly balanced. In "To-night or Never" that touch has become ponderous. It may be the fault of the director, Mr. Leroy, whose direction of "Five Star Final" was a leisurely business, but wherever the blame, the result is dreary.

Tales of temperamental opera singers, whose voices have no real soul in them because they have never loved, must move at the tempo of their tempers, but whether Gloria Swanson is flinging vases about or going in search of a lover the procedure here is funeral. "The Unknown Gentleman," as the programme calls him, whose identity should be obvious to everyone after the first reel of the picture, is the man of her choice, but the conversation which follows her invasion of his suite is more like a sabre, than a rapier, duel. It is true, since she takes

him for a gigolo, that the brand of humour is fundamentally awry, at any rate so far as this country is concerned, but neither she nor Mervyn Douglas, a newcomer to the screen, help the audience to laugh very much.

If Gloria Swanson's star may be waning, there is no sign of diminished brilliance in that of Marie Dressler. Her performance in "Min and Bill" gained for her the yearly prize at Hollywood for the best piece of acting, and she continues to shine at the Empire in "Emma." She, like Ruth Chatterton, is an exception to the rule that good stage actresses do not make good film actresses, for they are both just as good on the screen as they are on the stage, and that is tantamount to saying that they are very good indeed.

The story of "Emma" is frankly what is called "sob-stuff," but it has been very well directed and Marie Dressler's performance of the mother's help lifts the picture far above other films whose stories are in the same category and whose triteness makes their appeal a limited one. Her downright humour and her rough sympathy are here both admirably contrived. Plenty of laughs spring from the way in which she deals with the family, including the father of it, and there are plenty of tears in the treatment meted out to her by the family after the father's death. As a change for Marie Dressler the tears drown the laughter and, if William Blake can be trusted and they are intellectual things, then the audience, who saw the picture with me, was a highly intelligent one.

Though Marie Dressler is the beginning, middle and end of the film, the subsidiary parts are all well played, and I was sorry not to see more of Jean Hersholt who has given so many fine character studies. His performance of the father strikes exactly the right note and his gentleness is in admirable contrast to the brusqueness of his dominating housekeeper.

Another fine performance this week is that of Jackie Cooper in "Sooky," which with "Lord Babs" makes up the Plaza programme. This picture is directed by Norman Taurog, who was awarded a prize last year by the same body that gave one to Marie Dressler. He has done three or four of these films with children for the chief protagonists and, though "Sooky" is not so good as "Skippy," it is much better than "Huckleberry Finn." Sooky himself is played by Robert Coogan, but the main character in the story is once again Skippy. These two urchins are, as usual, employed in trying to manage the affairs of the grown-ups, and if their bumptiousness does not alienate your sympathy, the film should be found sufficiently entertaining.

Besides Jackie Cooper and Robert Coogan, two other child performers are generally to be found playing under Mr. Taurog's direction; these are Mitzi Green and Jackie Searle. The former is not in this one, but the latter has the unenviable distinction of playing the nasty little prig. He has done it before and I expect he will do it again. His hair is beautifully oiled, his face shines from a liberal application of soap and his delight in sneaking is still unbounded. One waits for the inevitable egg or custard pie and one does not wait in vain. Across the grocery store it comes from the dirty paw of Jackie Cooper; it is a "beautiful burst," to borrow a gunnery phrase, and everyone is satisfied.

## THEATRE BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*King, Queen, Knave.* By H. M. Harwood and R. Gore-Browne. Playhouse.

*Six Characters in Search of an Author.* By Pirandello. Westminster.

I AM getting behindhand. On my desk there is a growing pile of programmes, all of them demanding my immediate attention. Let us glance at them.

Well, to begin with, "Punchinello" is to be revived; and so I will say no more than that the casting of the title-role in the original production made it quite impossible to do more than guess at the quality of Mr. Turner's play. Nor do I propose to write about the play at the Ambassador's until I have had an opportunity of seeing it again. At the first performance there was a tendency on the part of certain of the actors to substitute extemporary paraphrase for Mr. Harwood's lines. And as authors generally write better dialogue than actors invent on the spur of the moment, I presume that the version now being given is sufficiently different from the one I saw last week, for any opinions I had formed about it to be out of date and no longer pertinent.

The revival of "Six Characters" should not be missed. I had always thought of it as a peculiarly gloomy and unintelligible piece of metaphysics. I found to my delight that it is, on the contrary, a lively, interesting and frequently very amusing entertainment—at least, in Mr. Ayliff's version at the Westminster as produced by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie. There were very fine performances indeed by Mr. Henry Oscar as the Father, by Miss Flora Robson as the Stepdaughter, and by Mr. Morland Graham as the harrassed and bewildered Producer.

And now let me emphasize the fact that Carmania, with whose exiled royalties the plot of "King, Queen, Knave" concerns itself, is not just another name for Ruritania. You will remember Ruritania, that land of Hope and glory, which in pre-war days was by far the most popular of the fictitious Balkan States. Twenty years ago it was a patch of fairyland in modern uniforms; but the war wrought drastic changes in the literary as well as in the geographical Balkans, and to-day Ruritania is a diminutive island, a piece of romance entirely surrounded by ridicule.

How shall I describe Carmania? Shall I call it a pseudonym—or since we are dealing with royalty, an *incognito*? No; for that would be to hint at local habitations and specific names. Let me call it, rather, a generic country, and explain by adding this: that whencesoever republicanism has banished royalty, there you have Carmania.

"Banished," you may remember, was the word about which Romeo waxed hyperbolically bitter. Not so the banished ex-King Stephan and his daughter the Princess Narcissa, as they basked in the Riviera sunshine. The Carmanian Republic was behaving generously, their exile was being compensated by a munificent allowance, and the very last thing they wanted was a counter-revolution to restore the monarchy. And then suddenly they found

themselves mixed up in one. Not that Sir Gordon Kolb cared a fig for monarchs in general or for Stephan in particular. What he did care about were his oil-fields in Carmania; and to save them from the Reds, he decided to finance a counter-revolution and restore Capitalism. However, Stephan was not (if you'll forgive me) "having any." Would Narcissa oblige, then? Certainly! What? . . .

You see, in the meantime, she had met, and fallen just a little bit in love with, that soldier of fortune, a fanatical royalist, and charmingly blunt and tongued-tied Scottish gentleman, Mr. David Maclean; and because he was (a), (b) and (c) a very attractive young man, and (d) apparently an expert counter-revolutionary and therefore the very man for the job, Narcissa consented to a restoration of the monarchy, with herself as monarch—provided, of course, that David was entrusted with the running of it.

Five months later, Kolb, for politico-financial reasons of his own, was engaged in the difficult task of calling-off the revolution. (The Reds were behaving very sensibly about his oil-fields). The difficulty was David; who, in addition to his idealistic longing to restore a monarchy, his romantic longing to set Narcissa on the throne, and his temperamental longing for a scrap, was also the only person who knew exactly when, whence and whither the royalist expeditionary forces would set forth. And as Kolb had paid the piper in advance, David was able to continue playing "Rule Carmania!" and "God Save the Queen," in defiance of his master's voice. And yet in the end—with the aid of a full moon, Stephan's birthday, and an elementary knowledge of geography—Kolb was able to discover, and thereafter double-cross, the secret plans; so that the counter-revolution ended in abject failure, Narcissa abdicated gracefully, and we left the theatre with a feeling that the ending was a happy one—assuming, of course, that Narcissa subsequently over-ruled her young man's absurd predilection for a Highland domicile.

This play by the authors of "Cynara," is a great deal more political and less romantic than my brief synopsis probably suggests; and it may be that the Ordinary Theatre-goer would argue that less talk and more action would improve it as an evening's entertainment. But the talk is always good, and often wise and witty—though not invariably what is understood in England by the word "dramatic." There are, indeed, so far as I know, only two ways of inducing English playgoers to accept Discussion as a palatable ingredient of drama. You can either make it noisy and polemical; or pretend (as Shaw pretends) to be a cracked-brained humourist, and amuse the audience with an inexhaustible supply of jokes.

Though the play was taken, on the first night, rather too leisurely, the acting was good. Not, of course, superbly good, for it is not that sort of play; but easy, polished intelligent acting of the popular English brand, such as Miss Gladys Cooper, Mr. Edmond Breon and Mr. Leon Quartermain can always be relied on to do perfectly. Whether it was altogether wise, from the artistic point of view, to cast two of the most unambiguously English actors on the London stage to play the foreign royalties, I take leave to doubt. But that the pleasant and popular personalities of Mr. Breon and Miss Cooper will be valuable commercial assets, is beyond dispute.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE FILMS

SIR,—Mr. A. J. Siggins' condemnation of the British film industry in a recent issue is quite justified. Not only has Hollywood been allowed to steal the advantage given us by our natural resources, but already she is obtaining a "right by use" of our history and our literature.

To read, as we did the other day, that "Cavalcade" is to be produced abroad, brings home the incomparable slowness of our film producers. Here was a theme simply shrieking to be made into a film—a film with British actors and with a British background: a film that is already an assured success following the reception of the play and could not help but make money, and yet Elstree could not think of securing its production.

Then there is the case of "The Good Companions." One of the finest, most English, novels of the last decade to be produced in America because it would take our film kings twenty years to make up their minds that they could tackle such a theme.

Is it surprising that America has swamped our market, and that we have few national possessions left? Soon our newspapers will be published in New York!

Worthing.

H. L. BROWING.

SIR,—I cordially endorse the letter in which Mr. A. L. Canning Saunders defends the realism of American films.

Their fidelity to life is appreciated by few English people because what is true in America is often rank fantasy here.

Nevertheless, the cross-sections of life shown in such films as "Common Clay," "Smart Money," and "Dance, Fools, Dance," are cut out of cold fact, and even those films which are far less natural in plot are usually lifelike in detail and background.

As for the gangster-pictures and "The Big House"—even England now knows how true they were.

Blackpool, Lancs.

BARBARA FLETCHER.

### BEST SELLERS

SIR,—Of course Mr. Ince is right. The best seller is not only bad, but it is necessarily bad. If this were not so, why is it that publishers turn down indisputably good work, such as the brilliant early novels of Shaw? Publishers exist by providing what the public demands.

When we mention the word "best-seller," what names invariably come first to our minds? Do we not think of Edgar Wallace, Philip Oppenheim, Ian Hay, Marie Corelli, and—oh, yes, Miss Ethel M. Dell. No intelligent person I have met has yet informed me these are great writers. Yet their stuff sells by the bucketful; and, I have not the least doubt, it is read and pondered upon in the schoolroom, the servants-hall, and the celestial mansions of suburbia.

The opponents of Mr. Ince will no doubt push the sales figures of Mr. Wells' works before my eyes. They prove nothing. It is the sloppy, sentimental stuff like Mr. Britling that has sold by the ten thousand and hundred thousand; but I shall be very surprised to hear his William Clissold has anything approaching the same sale.

Oxford.

P. QUARLES.



## MUSICAL EDUCATION.

SIR,—I feel that I shall not stand alone, when I utter a protest against the statement of Miss M. Scott Johnston in her article on "Tendencies on Modern Music," in which she says that good listening springs from practical knowledge. I entirely disagree that it is a sign of decadence, when the majority says that it likes music, although unable to play or sing.

Are those who, through no fault of their own, have not been afforded a musical education, to be denied the right to listen and appreciate good music, or when they presume to profess a genuine liking for a certain symphony or other piece of music, to be told that they are not capable of appreciation, or of any finer feelings toward the appeal of music?

The appeal of music is too powerful to be balked by mere differences of class, or even of education—it overcomes all these slight barriers; in a musically receptive person such trivialities are swept aside.

I have never had the benefit of a musical education myself; I am unable to play any instrument—I say it with regret, and not with pride; nevertheless, I can distinctly remember being *thrilled* (there is no other word for it), on hearing certain passages from Wagner's "Ring," on the gramophone. And I know of many other people who will testify to similar experiences.

I contend that I listen a very great deal more intelligently to music than a large number of concert-goers and opera-goers of the present day, who may or may not have had the privilege of a musical education, and I consider that the statement that practical knowledge is necessary for good listening to music the essence of Intellectual Snobbery.

RICHARD O'HAGAN.

## MR. PREEDY ON MR. HARWOOD.

SIR,—May I venture a protest at your reviewer's description of the portrait of M. de Lauzan in "The Pavilion of Honour" as that of an imbecile? This sketch of a successful, if tawdry adventurer in his old age is taken from history—see Saint Beuve, and Lady Georgina Fullarton on Madame de Bonneval—and surely nothing in M. de Lauzan's eccentric career became him so well as his championship of his god-daughter. Most incidents, characters and "local colour" of the book is culled from memoirs of the 18th century, notably those of Prince Eugène and Bonneval himself, by the Prince de Ligne, the spurious (but contemporary) memoirs of Bonneval, those of M. de Langallerie and the genuine letters of Bonneval and Judith and their relations, many of which are given in the novel, so that even if my hero be not your reviewer's "idea of" M. de Bonneval, he is very closely modelled on the original, even to the adoption of his thoughts and words.

May I also remark that it is no wonder that the novel is not "Conrad or Stanley Weyman," since I was not even trying to write like either of these authors and was dealing with a subject neither would have been likely to handle? How disappointing for an author who puts serious labour into a book to find a journal of the standing of the "Saturday Review" publishing as a "criticism" a few facetious comments that are neither useful nor amusing—but—"merely dreary."

GEORGE R. PREEDY.

## PARTIES IN THE CHURCH.

SIR,—On one or two occasions you have been so good as to insert communications from me in support of a movement in the Church of England aiming at bringing members of the various Church parties together. The movement (the Westminster Group) is one in which I have felt keen interest since I was asked, in 1928, to be one of those engaged originally in founding it and drawing its ideals to the attention of the public. Therefore I shall be obliged if you will allow me to mention a couple of alterations in its Statement of Aims. The present letter is not an official one, but is simply an expression of opinion by one of those originally engaged in establishing the Group.

In its original Statement of Aims the Group said it supported the Bishops in all efforts to restore order "by insisting upon the observance of the Prayer Book use, as defined by the Books of 1662 and 1928."

At a meeting held recently the Group decided to omit the references to the Prayer Books. Thus it is no longer committed to the Revised Book of 1928. I am glad of this, and wish it never had been so committed.

In the original Statement of Aims the Group said that it "believes Disestablishment would be a disaster to Church and people." The revised statement says the Group is "not prepared to accept Disestablishment with all its consequences save as a last resort."

At the meeting I spoke in favour of omitting all Disestablishment references at all; but the majority thought otherwise. However, the revised statement is so broad and open as to remove difficulties some people used to feel, and therefore I am glad to draw the attention of the public to it.

What the Anglican Church needs is more breadth and less party spirit in many quarters.

London, N.5.

J. W. POYNTER.

## WHERE IS ENGLAND?

SIR,—It is pleasant to see "England" mentioned several times in the "Saturday Review" of the 20th February. The word is so seldom seen now that it may usually be searched for in vain in any paper. It almost seems as though there is a conspiracy to suppress the use of the name of the heart of the Empire and of the predominant race. Only a few years since, Mr. Winston Churchill, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, said:—"England is a forbidden word in this island. It is still famous in Europe; it is frequently mentioned in the remoter parts of Asia, in Africa, and in the United States, but here it is taboo."

R. G. BURTON.

## THE FUR TRADE

SIR,—If it is not too late to refer to a letter that appeared in your pages as long ago as November, I should be very grateful if Mr. Van der Byl would give a list of those animals that are humanely killed for their fur. In common, I imagine, with all your readers, I was horrified at the revelations in his letter, but it is only possible for women to make a firm stand in the matter if they know definitely which furs are on what your correspondent terms the white list.

Kenya.

NORA BEALE.

# GRAMOPHONE BY RALPH HILL.

## SCHUBERT AND PFITZNER

WHEN we consider that apart from his music Schubert was intellectually almost a non-entity, the amazing experience, psychological insight, and dramatic power displayed in his finest songs from the age of sixteen onwards, must have been due to some kind of sixth sense. For instance, Spaun in his memoirs describes the setting of Goethe's poem 'Der Erlkönig' by the seventeen year old composer: "We found Schubert all in a glow, reading 'Der Erlkönig' aloud from the book. He paced up and down several times with the volume, then suddenly seated himself in the briefest space of time, as quickly as anyone could possibly write, the glorious ballad was revealed on paper." Despite the fact that this song is now to be found in every worth-while singer's repertoire it is rarely given a successful interpretation, since the singer must not only possess first-rate musicianship but a subtle histrionic sense as well. I do not think that I have ever heard a more thrilling and technically perfect performance than that of Sigfrid Onegin (H.M.V. DB1484), who without the slightest trace of ventriloquist effects vividly portrays the emotions of the child, the father, and the Erlking by means of a delicate and skilful use of inflexion and tone colour.

Hans Pfitzner, composer, conductor, and teacher, is an unknown quality in England. His position in Germany, however, is that of leader of the conservative school since he is entirely out of sympathy with the so-called "new music" of composers such as Schönberg and Hindemith. On more than one occasion Pfitzner has come out into the open to defend the old order of things by attacking the new, notably in his two literary works: *Futurist Dangers* (a reply to Busoni's *Aesthetics*) and *Die Neue Aesthetic der Musikalischen Impotenz*. Positively, as the concert agents would say, Pfitzner is one of the last disciples of Romanticism and follows in the wake of Wagner whose influence is to some extent apparent in his harmony and orchestration—his melodic style is derived from several sources including Mahler. Nevertheless, apart from all outside influences Pfitzner has a prepotent individuality that asserts itself in his best works, such as "Palestrina." This opera is unique as it has no love interest, the libretto being based on the story (now discounted) of how the Council of Trent passed a resolution forbidding the performance in the Catholic Church of any form of music other than plain song—it had been the prevailing custom to sing popular tunes to the sacred words of the mass. But Palestrina was induced to save the situation by composing his famous *Missa Papae Marcelli* the beauty and dignified spirit of which so much impressed the Pope that he agreed to permit the performance of genuine church music. The Orchestral preludes to the three acts of Pfitzner's opera, which are magnificently played and recorded by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under the composer's baton (Polydor 95459-II) together form a kind of symphonic poem in three short movements, the music of which is picturesque and aptly expressive of the moods of the drama.

# NEW NOVELS BY H. C. HARWOOD

*Three Loves.* By A. J. Cronin. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

*Sale by Auction.* By Geoffrey Dennis. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*The Rats of Norway.* By Keith Winter. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

*Swiss Family Manhattan.* By Christopher Morley. Faber & Faber. 6s.

FROM the author of "Hatter's Castle" little was to be expected but gloom, but "Three Loves" is irritatingly depressing, because the misfortunes to which the principal character is subjected are largely accidental. The hatter was tragic in that his character, his pride, determined his ruin, and hateful as he was he yet was grand. Lucy Moore of "Three Loves," though strongly imagined, does rather stumble into disaster. Her bossiness would probably have been fatal in the long run to her marriage, which however was abruptly ended by her running down her husband in a fog. When she had transferred her love to her son, her egocentricism threatened disaster. Yet not her indulgence nor her exaggerated self-sacrifice nor her old bossiness estranged the boy, who chanced to fall in love at the house of a woman she disliked with the daughter of a man she detested. Her third love, which of course was only another expression of the same love, she gave to Christ. Here chance again intervened. Her spiritual awakening was associated with a small Roman Catholic church the priest at which, an ascetic, almost a fanatic, too readily allowed her a vocation. By his help she entered in middle age the convent of an enclosed order. She revolted against the discipline and could not digest the food. When she left it, chance, yes, chance again, prevented her son from meeting her at Victoria, and she miserably died of an apical pneumonia at St. Thomas's. Only forty-five and she looked like an old, old woman, a little grey rat of a woman starved to skin and bone. But this is not tragic, it is only pathetic, and Lucy is not made sweet enough for tears to be shed on her grave. It did not matter what James Brodie was like because apart from his stupidity and ferocity he was carrying on his shoulders some parcel of our human burthen, he was implicated in the causation chain of human events. No matter how repulsive he was, he was representative. But Lucy, who had all this bad luck, and so on, should have been interesting in herself. And she is not. She is just a dour wee body who for lack of gumption and in unusual circumstances, came to a bad end.

Nevertheless, "Three Loves" is an arresting novel. It has not the shape of "Hatter's Castle," but it has the hard-bitten quality, the something shared by Clyde-Side members of the I.L.P. and by Dante after Virgil had shown him round hell. Dr. Cronin does not rush into sentiment like Clydesiders nor into religion like Dante. But his eyes are slightly scorched.

"Sale by Auction" might have been a farcical comedy if Mr. Geoffrey Dennis had not written it. Or it might have been, and at times very nearly is, one of those short novels in which Balzac delighted to mix the amorous, the mercenary and the improbable. Or it might have illustrated the flaming irruption of a sense of sin into

the lives of respectable—so respectable as to be nearly hypocritical—small tradesmen. But Mr. Dennis goes his own way and ensues his own ends. He has collected a number of queer provincials about whom he is ready to lecture at some length, but does little to illustrate their peculiarities in action. The first chapter is dramatic, but nothing much happens thereafter except an all too carefully prepared suicide—the second. He breaks off to explain how his wife is related to Rosetti, and button-holes you while he shows that an apparently dull man like John Taylor, compared with the flamboyant Paradine, may yet have strength even romantic strength. This book is not to be recommended as a novel. It fiddles and teases and annoys. Even the dark background of the Red Room in the Red House, shadowed by the supernatural though it be, is insufficiently differentiated from other red rooms. But this is more than a novel. Since the death of D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Dennis exercises the most powerful imagination in the sphere of contemporary fiction. His feelings slide along a plane of high values. His failure is worth the neat successes.

Mr. Keith Winter is a writer of much promise, but while he finds it necessary to damp down his innate romanticism he has not made clear to himself the reasons for his reticence. His book is called "The Rats of Norway." On a fly leaf he narrates the quite lovely tradition that many thousand lemmings swim out into the North Sea to an island that is now submerged; therefore "no lemming has ever returned to tell the tale, so the great battalions continue to set forth on their fatal emigration. Presumably, they will go on till there are no more lemmings left in Norway." The story does not quite live up to this, a story of two brace of lovers differing, man from woman, in fervour. And the setting is rather tiresome, full of expected sneers at schoolmasters and parents and prize days and what nots. Sebastian dies of heart failure in a bed where he had no right to be. The author's dislike of the man called Mann is not snobbish, however; he must have been shut up in the same common room with some such vulgarian. Mr. Winter's imagination must be pawing to be free, like the half created lion. Free as yet it is not. It is all tangled with other things. Perhaps, if freedom comes. . . . ? Incidentally, an excellent study of one kind of preparatory school.

Mr. Morley's slight and frivolous "Swiss Family Manhattan" is a sorry cargo to cross the Atlantic. There was a time when American humour was deep and rich. Mark Twain, it is true, in his latter days was selling less and less for more and more, but a tang, a twist, endured. Mr. Don Marquis has not so gracefully declined. Now the author of "Thunder on the Left" flops into family jokes. I am so tired of synthetic gin. The real supporters of what is called Prohibition are not the Drys, not the Boot-leggers but the humourists, the columnists. That is their joke. Take that away from them, and they would not know what to be funny about. Mr. Morley is quite capable of finding something funnier in human affairs than the fact that a lot of people want to drink, and do drink, though there is a law against it. There must too, be a private jest of his own in making the Swiss Family speak a language called Swiss. He is, and has so often shown himself to be, far too good for such stuff as "Swiss Family Manhattan," illuminated though it be from time to time by his humane wit.

## REVIEWS

### MR. WELLS'S NEW WORLD

"*The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind.*" By H. G. Wells. Heinemann. 10s. 6d. net.

A WRITER was taken to task the other day for suggesting that Mr. Wells has the power of influencing the present generation as well as the past. Evidently Mr. Wells has committed the unforgiveable sin of becoming an institution. But somehow or other he contrives to defy the laws of reputable institutions by writing lively, readable, and read books. So far as his lack of influence on the modern generation is concerned, it seems not wholly beside the point to mention that his "Outline of History" had a sale of two million copies, and is "still going strong." The "Outline" is not a detective story. It is a text-book of world history. It was written to show how history should be treated if it is to take its proper place in educating the future citizen of the world. His idea "caught on." Through him several million people have been "getting the hang" of the way in which civilisation, à la H. G. Wells, came into being.

But he did not think it enough to make those millions see the past through his eyes. "The Outline of History" was only the first part of a trilogy of which "The Science of Life" was the second, and this new book was to be the third and crowning part. Here we are in the glorious present—the world of work, wealth, happiness. It is declared to be nothing less than a "general picture of all mankind about its business." To say more precisely what it is is not easy, since it aims at epitomising all that is knowable about human affairs in this world, so far as it has not been treated in the earlier volumes.

In reading it one is reminded occasionally of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," and the exhaustive manner in which all conceivable varieties of Melancholy are there presented in catalogueic succession. But instead of confining his attention to a single class of experience, Mr. Wells has embraced in his work every activity and experience known to modern man. Ideally, his task would land him in an encyclopædia vaster than all the books in the British Museum put together. But fearing, not that such perfection might be beyond his powers, but might bore the reader, he has mercifully cut out the details and been content to give us a readable plan of what his ideal encyclopædia would be. Thus, in about 850 pages, with some assistance from others, he gives a summary of the life of men in all countries, working, playing, spending, thinking, conquering distance and climate, co-operating, fighting, governing and being governed, learning, thinking, aspiring.

To many persons, treading ground that is already familiar to them, at least some scores of pages in this book will seem superfluous. But it is only fair to remember that Mr. Wells is addressing himself to the man in the street, and that it is his business as a text-book writer to treat even the most elementary aspects of his subject. The sophisticated reader will lose little if he skips some



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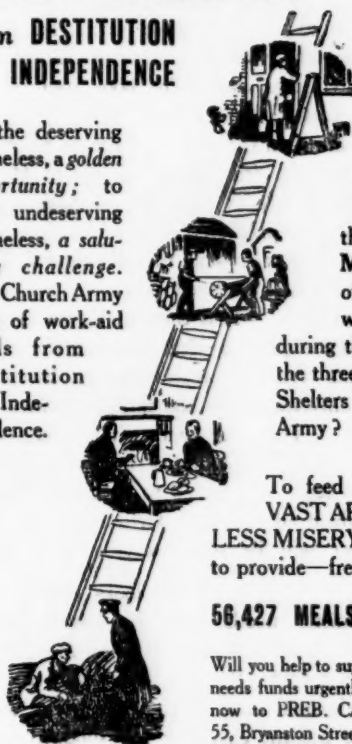
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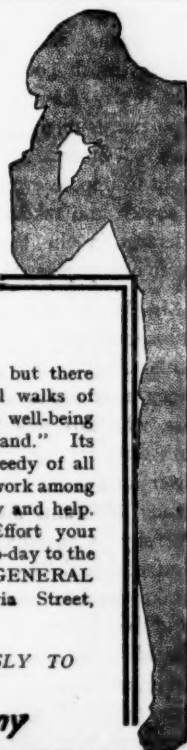
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of these passages. But if he does so he must fill in the picture for himself. For the conclusions at which Mr. Wells arrives pre-suppose a complete mental picture of the world hive complete in its thousand and one compartments. Knowledge of the whole hive process has to be accessible to those who would direct its affairs in an intelligent and intelligible way. The book itself is intended to be a text-book for Everyman's education. Education always has been the shaping force, in his view, in the evolution of man from *homo sapiens* to H. G. Wells; and it is his desire to force the pace, since not only the instructed and privileged classes but also "the whole community is now accessible to wide general ideas and capable of incalculable interventions in the economic and political organisation." It is through the dissemination of lively and enlightened ideas through the adult community that the civilising process may be hastened. The schools and universities are too fixed to contribute their proper share. The newspapers, he thinks, are capable of doing more. Writers like himself are constantly sowing the seed. He seems to look forward to a new phase in which all the characteristics of the aristocracy of intellect will be found among the many.

This, at least, is what Mr. Wells looks forward to in his more optimistic moods. In his less sanguine moments he bids us consider society as composed of three primary types—the peasant, the aristocrat-soldier-robber, and the "priestly-learned man." The first is the commonest type. The peasant character is "subdued to a life of hard monotones and stereotyped pleasures." It exists not only in country places, but amongst small townsmen, and amongst the bourgeoisie generally. It is to be found side by side with the robber type in the world of business. But since the ignorance which belongs to the type has been modified by some infiltration of ideas and by much goodwill, the chief enemy of the human race to-day may be discerned among the sharp, clever opportunists of the world—the "Smart Alecs," as he calls them. "Smart Alec meets one at every twist and turn, ready to oppose everything that will embarrass him, alert to snatch and take advantage. . . . He has his confederates in the legislature; his friends who own and direct newspapers; Smart Alecs likewise."

Mr. Wells can never resist the intellectual game of Utopia-building. The drift of his actual world is towards Utopia, and the men who are to create it are among us at this moment—men of the "priestly-learned" class, who care more about their learned or professional work than carving out a career, men of a certain mental power and some "moral disinterestedness," the aristocracy of brains and social service. Mr. Wells talks hopefully of an educated multitude. He really believes in an educated "few." It is only a few who are fitted to take the lead in that "open conspiracy" to rule the world by reason, first introduced to us in "William Clissold." In this book again it is "we of the open conspiracy" who are to hunt Smart Alec incessantly and "save our world from his exploits." And so Mr. Wells, who began to write an encyclopædia and is only dull when he sticks to his job, having deserted it with great success in most of his chapters, closes in a characteristic vein of stimulating prophecy and prayer.

R. A. SCOTT-JAMES.

## A BALDWIN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

*The Questing Beast: An Autobiography.*  
By Oliver Baldwin. Grayson & Grayson. 10s. 6d. net.

THE fact that Mr. Oliver Baldwin, according to his own account, was born into the world upside down, is perhaps responsible for his somewhat unbalanced outlook upon life in general. His book, although not without literary merit, never rises above mediocrity except in those parts where he forgets himself, and then it becomes quite readable. An unfortunate vein of rather cheap cynicism pervades his pages, and a sneer at the British code of sportsmanship is sufficiently typical to be worth quoting:—

"*Noblesse oblige*, which, being interpreted, means when you have £10,000 a year you can give twopence to a beggar once, but if he asks you a second time, he is not 'playing the game' so you win."

The chapters dealing with his early life and his later political experiences are frankly disappointing. A natural dislike for any form of discipline has led him always to suspect the worst of anyone who happened to be placed in authority over him, and his outbursts against established customs are often peevish and never profound.

Unhappy at Eton, he attacks the public school code with childish bitterness while, later on, equally dissatisfied with the actions of the Labour Party, he pours unmeasured scorn upon the bourgeois servility and slowness of his Parliamentary leaders. It is clear throughout the autobiography that Mr. Baldwin has never realised there are two sides to a question, and, until he has learnt the shallowness of easy cynicism and hasty judgments, his work will never attain distinction. There are, however, fine passages of descriptive writing in this book which give considerable promise for the future.

The short story of Karo's exploit at Constantinople, and the interview between the Agha Petus and Mr. J. D. Rockefeller are excellent examples of Mr. Baldwin at his best. His devotion to the unfortunate Armenian race is obviously sincere although, here once more, he allows his enthusiasm to warp his judgment. The doctrine of "my Country always wrong" is neither original nor true, and continual taunts at his native land only serve to make the author appear ridiculous. If he could but show some faith and loyalty towards those under whom he may have to work at home, he might learn the value of humility and tolerance, without which no man can write with knowledge and understanding.

## "IMMORTAL SIDNEY"

*Philip Sidney.* By E. M. Denking. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

WHO was this Sidney? Why, when he died, did people jam the streets to see his corpse go by? And why did they make of him a tradition that lived down the ages long after his funeral was over?

In the unilluminating pages of history his record does not appear exceptionable for either the soldier or courtier of his time. He received the customary gentleman's education, first at Shrewsbury and then Oxford. He went on the customary Grand Tour of Europe, meeting Catherine de' Medici "the Jezabel of our age," he called her—and was in Paris at the time of the "bloody massacre" of Bartholomew. He was an ardent Protestant. He

sat to Paolo Veronese. He had conversed with the de' Medicis in Florence and kissed the hand of his gracious Sovereign—all before he was twenty. He became a courtier and, as royal cupbearer, proffered Her Majesty drink from vessels of Venice crystal or goblets of purest gold. He passed his days in hunting and in "ambrosial feasts"; in bear-baiting and morris dancing. He became a politician in the days when politics and theology meant the same things. He had married and fought the Spaniards and been fatally wounded—all before he was thirty-two.

But the last years of his life Sidney devoted largely to literature and he left a body of work which has gained for him immortality both as poet and novelist. His novel was *Arcadia*, which he dedicated to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. "The style was like the brocade in her gown, rich in design and overlaid with ornament. Like the tiered and priceless laces in her ruff, it was a marvel of airy line and delicate intricacy." While his sonnets give him distinction as a poet by their characteristic Elizabethan sweetness and spontaneity:

"Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread,  
For Love is dead."

Yet, as the writer of this excellent biography observes, Sir Philip's reputation does not hang on his powers as a scholar or soldier, nor yet as a statesman: "With the facility of the typical Renaissance figure, he had done all things well. Because he was Sidney, he had done them also with grace. . . . In that practical grasping age, his chivalrous spirit had a fresh and romantic appeal. His honesty (notable enough in any generation) moved the people to a wondering awe. In a period which ruthlessly judged of a man's success by what he got and did, Sidney's triumph was conceded (with wonder) to have been a matter of soul. Though his one and thirty years had been packed with plans and crowded with accomplishment, his fame rested neither on what he did, nor on what he hoped to do. It was grounded on himself."

BRIAN FITZGERALD.

### THE FASCIST ACHIEVEMENT

*The Making of the Corporate State.* By H. E. Goad. Christophers 5s.

THIS is one of those comparatively rare books that really do fill a gap in the literature on the subject of which they treat, and the author is to be warmly congratulated upon the lucidity with which he has dealt with an extremely complicated subject. If the ideals and accomplishments of Fascism are not fully understood in this country it is largely because so little that is informative has yet been written about them, and it is therefore to be hoped that the present volume will meet with such a reception as will encourage Mr. Goad to enlighten the British public upon other aspects of the political and economic system of Fascist Italy. We have heard too much of recent years about Moscow, and not nearly enough about Rome.

In view of the totally erroneous opinions held by many Englishmen concerning the political systems of the Continent, Mr. Goad has done well to begin by pointing out that Parliamentary Government in pre-Fascist Italy was a very different thing from what it was in nineteenth century England; in short, it was not a native institution, and when it no longer had a favour to make it work it speedily fell into disrepute. Moreover, there

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can be no doubt that what happened in Italy is now, as the author very clearly shows, happening in Great Britain, and this development makes the book all the more valuable to the English reader. No political system can function satisfactorily without an efficient governing class: Fascism early grasped this fact, and created a new hierarchy that does rule. Here we still have what is nominally a governing class, but it has, for the most part, long since become far too timid to govern.

In a Parliamentary democracy politics always dominates economics, and in an age, like the present, when economic problems are the most important, chaos is the natural result. Fascism has given the State an economic basis, that is to say it regards man primarily in his capacity as a producer, and so it is the better equipped to make head against the difficulties of this post-war period. In these pages is set out the whole organization of the new Italy, and the unfailing felicity of the author's diction adds charm to his narrative. Mr. Goad is always clear, and on not one single occasion does he leave the reader in doubt either as to his meaning or to the working of the system which he is describing.

Like the true philosopher that he is, Mr. Goad not only adorns the tale, but he also takes care to point the moral. He has some hard things to say about recent political developments in England, but few will deny the justice of his observations. In fine, this is a book to be read (and bought), marked, learnt, and inwardly digested by all educated people.

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AT the close of his arresting but depressing attempt "to bridge the gap between psycho-analysis on the one hand and neurology, biology and anthropology on the other," Dr. Money-Kyrle arrives at conclusions which suggest that if an omniscient psychology ever came into being and secured a universal hearing mankind would lose all desire to live and refusing to go on would leave the earth to the enjoyment of "some species of ant or termite whose instincts are less sullied by intelligence." It is true that Dr. Money-Kyrle's argument is far from conclusive. Too great an insistence is placed upon the cruder aspects of sex and far too little upon the sublimation of the erotic drive into that highest of social virtues which prompts us to seek our highest happiness in the happiness of others. Psycho-analysis, may or may not have the therapeutic values claimed for it; but in either case deductions from its discoveries in the pathological field, may not be used without protest as unimpeachable evidence when the normal is in question.

However, if much in the book is suspect, much remains that cannot be impugned. We are much engaged throughout our life in fighting and chasing illusions; but it may be questioned if psychology would do us a service by depriving us of all those illusions. It is one thing for psychology to destroy fear, and quite another thing to destroy desire, which is the very essence of life; and if Nirvana really is our desire then we may as well, as Dr. Money-Kyrle almost hints, put our heads in a gas-oven and attain it in the simplest possible way.

## A FOIL AND COUNTERFOIL

*Selected Heresies.* From the writings of Chapman Cohen. Pioneer Press. 3s. 6d.  
*An Alphabet of Attributes* Pitman & Sons 3s. 6d.

SOME readers will say that these heresies are quibbles turned into quarrels; others will take them seriously. Obviously they loom gigantic in the writer's mind; but since we have no longer a R. L. Stevenson to handle light controversies delicately, we can amuse ourselves with Mr. Cohen's ideas as to whether "Honesty is the best policy," whether we want "Good citizens," whether "Man humanises God," and so forth. And while Mr. Cohen dictates his vehement convictions into one ear, we can lend the other to Mr. Harold Downs, who, in "An Alphabet of Attributes" deals with more Tremendous Trifles. Both authors have several subjects in common and both approach them in characteristically different ways. Mr. Cohen, for example, shakes "Honesty" till its teeth chatter and Mr. Downs soothes it though hints that he doubts if it is any better than it should be. Thus these two books can be played off against each other, and the interesting verdict will be, not which book wins, but which author comes best out of the bout we have arranged for them. Prophecy says Mr. Cohen will emerge panting and protesting, and Mr. Downs breathing deeply but forcing himself to smile.

M. E. P.G.

## SPOOKS!

*Ghosts of London.* By Elliott O'Donnell.  
Philip Allen. 10s. 6d.

THIS is a disappointing collection; not that the author has failed to unearth plenty of material, but the bald way in which the tales are unfolded makes the book a dull one. London is apparently riddled with ghosts and one or two of the better known ones walk again in these pages; the famous apparition from Berkeley Square and the "forty footsteps" of Bloomsbury are among those included.

Mr. O'Donnell has been taken to task before because he has made no attempt to explain the phenomena; here he defends himself by saying that if he could find the answer to the problem, he would surely be able to explain the mystery of Life and Creation. The corollary does not seem to me to follow at all; however, he is prepared to put some hauntings down to physical laws by submitting that impressions once made on the ether are reproduced again and again when the atmospheric conditions are favourable. But about other hauntings, such as those which lead to physical actions—the opening of doors or the overthrowing of furniture—or those which are prophetic, he leans towards a superphysical explanation.

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In the foreword she contributes to Mr. Steel's anthology of successful ads. Naomi Mitchison writes of them as lovely miniature works of art, and if you delete the "lovely" you will admit she gets very near the mark. Miniature they are, work they are—try to do one and see, and as for art, why they are full of it. Mr. Steel divides his book into sections. Baby, Home, Health, Clothes, Food, Beer and Whisky, Cigarettes and Tobacco, Cars and Aeroplanes, Amusement, Newspapers, Advertising, Charity and Miscellaneous, and under each section he gives us specimens of the appeals of advertisers. There are no pictures, with their literal, comic, or sentimental allure; only words and very few of them, mostly arranged in very short sentences. The advertisement writer one feels sure, begins by laying in a stock of full stops.

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# CITY

*Lombard Street, Wednesday.*

THE lowering of the Bank Rate to 5 per cent. has revived talk in the City of a possible early conversion of the 5 per Cent. War Loan. It is, of course, known that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has a cut-and-dried conversion scheme in hand but it may be a long while yet before an operation of such magnitude could be launched with any hope of success. There is £2000,000,000 of this stock in the hands of the public and a reduction of one per cent. in interest would represent a saving of £20,000,000 a year to the tax-payer. This, of course, implies an issue of stock on a 4 per cent. basis. Until conditions would warrant such an offer there must, however, be a definite return of confidence in the investment market and much greater stability of monetary conditions than, unfortunately exists to-day. The steadiness of the exchanges, in the face of the lowering of money rates here, is indicative of the underlying strength of sterling but beyond this there is little in the situation to encourage the hope of a big debt conversion operation at the moment.

## *An Encouraging Symptom*

The rise in sterling is undoubtedly an encouraging factor. It would have occasioned little surprise if the movement had been in the opposite direction following last week's reduction in the Bank Rate. Indeed the strength of the £ is the more gratifying seeing that it is receiving no kind of special support. On the contrary, the improvement has come at a time when provision is being made for the repayment of credits due next August to the United States and France, and if, as seems not improbable, the necessary funds in this connection have now been nearly, if not fully accumulated, then a further improvement in sterling is likely to be witnessed. It remains to be seen what policy the new French Government will adopt towards the pressing monetary problems of the day, but at the time of writing the feeling in the City is one of quiet optimism.

## *A Cheap Debenture*

Pronounced weakness in any particular market often affords a favourable opportunity for the investor to acquire really sound stock on advantageous terms. A case in point is the Argentine Railway market. Here there are many good investments going cheap merely because the market is under a cloud and light on the horizon is not yet visible to the naked eye. For instance last June the Buenos Great Southern Railway Company made a 5½ per cent. Debenture issue at 95. This stock can now be bought at 88, at which price it yields the investor 6½ per cent. Last year the company earned a profit of over £1,175,000 in excess of its debenture charges of all kinds and the interest and sinking fund

on this particular stock are covered by a substantial margin. The stock is redeemable at par not later than July, 1966, by means of a cumulative sinking fund of 1 per cent. per annum which commences in July this year.

## *Windfall for Shareholders*

Few industrial enterprises have had a more remarkably progressive career than the century-old Birmingham chemists and druggists, Southall Bros. and Barclay, Ltd. During the thirty-four years the firm has been in existence as a public company its earnings have consistently advanced and even last year's unsatisfactory trading conditions failed to stay its progress. Profits for the year reached the record figure of £72,800 and a tax-free dividend of 51 per cent. was earned on the Ordinary capital of £130,000. The distribution was again 20 per cent., tax free, and with an allocation of £40,000 to reserve that fund was brought up to a total of £340,000, or £80,000 in excess of the entire issued share capital. With this strong position it is not surprising that the directors have decided to present the shareholders with a scrip bonus in the shape of one new ordinary share on every five ordinary shares held, the necessary capital being provided out of internal reserves.

## *Railway Economies*

One astonishing fact emerges from a perusal of last year's home Railway reports. It is the big reduction which the companies have been able to effect in working expenses. Necessity is the mother of invention but it is clear from the data available that the railways have either been run very extravagantly in the past or that they are now being starved of their very life blood. That the L.M.S. has been able to save about £5,000,000 or 89 per cent. of last year's loss in gross receipts is to say the least a remarkable achievement, but when one recalls that this is on top of a reduction of not far short of £5,750,000 during the three preceding years one's astonishment at the latest accomplishment is quite understandable.

## *Bargain Prices.*

The other lines have economised in much the same way, but this notwithstanding, the net results are lamentably poor. Two of the four railway groups have had to lower their dividends to vanishing point while the other two are paying their Ordinary shareholders no dividend at all. In the circumstances it is not surprising that L.M.S. £100 Ordinary stock is valued in the market at only 15½, while London and North Eastern £100 Deferred stock can be picked up at £4. If these were quoted in £1 units the value of the latter stock would be about 10d. while that of the former, which represents the premier railway stock of the country, would be in the neighbourhood of 3s. To my mind these should be regarded as "bargain prices" and although the immediate outlook for railways is far from encouraging, the investor who acquires railway stock at these figures should sooner or later make a handsome profit.

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## The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week :

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes, and the books which in our opinion are the best of the week.—ED.]

### THEATRES

#### GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

- HAYMARKET.** *Can the Leopard . . . ?* by Ronald Jeans. (Whitehall 9832.) 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Gertrude Lawrence and Ian Hunter in a very witty and well-acted comedy.
- ROYALTY.** *While Parents Sleep.* By Anthony Kimmins. 8.40. Thurs. and Sat. 2.40. Not for the squeamish or the intellectual playgoer, but recommended for its rare vitality and boisterous high-spirits.
- HIS MAJESTY'S.** *Julius Cæsar.* 8.15. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A robustly theatrical revival by a company of "star" Shakespearians.
- DUCHESS.** *"The Rose without a Thorn."* By Clifford Bax. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. A dramatic and interesting play about Henry VIII. Finely written, finely acted.
- PLAYHOUSE.** *King, Queen, Knave.* By H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore Browne. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs. 2.30. Reviewed this week.
- WESTMINSTER.** *Six Characters in Search of an Author.* By Pirandello. 8.30. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. Reviewed this week.

### BROADCASTING

#### WIRELESS EDITOR'S LIST

##### DAVENTRY NATIONAL.

*Sunday, February 28, 9.5 p.m.* The Leslie Bridgewater Quintet will give a concert, when the soloists will be Elena Danieli (soprano) and Hubert Eisdell (tenor).

*Monday, February 29, 6.50 p.m.* Mr. Desmond MacCarthy will give the weekly talk on "New Books."

*7.30 p.m.* Professor Henry Clay will continue his series "How has the State met the Change?" with a talk on "The Redistribution of Income by the State."

*9.20 p.m.* Mr. S. P. B. Mais will give the ninth talk in his series "The Unknown Island."

*Tuesday, March 1, 8.30 p.m.* Mr. J. E. Barton's third talk in his series "Modern Art" is entitled "Do we use our Eyes?"

*Wednesday, March 2, 6.50 p.m.* Mr. James Agate will give his monthly talk on "The Theatre."

*7.30 p.m.* The third talk in the series "Changes in Family Life" will take the form of a discussion between Dr. Hugh Dalton and Mrs. Eleanor Barton on "The Economics of Family Life."

*Thursday, March 3, 7.30 p.m.* Sir Arthur Salter, K.C.B., will continue his series "The Problem of World Government" with a talk on "Is National Sovereignty compatible with Peace?"

*Friday, March 4, 6.50 p.m.* The weekly talk on "The Week-end in the Garden" will be given by Mr. Arthur Osborn, whose subject will be Roses.

*Saturday, March 5, 6.50 p.m.* Mr. Bernard Darwin will give a talk entitled "The Golf Season Begins."

*7.5 p.m.* Mr. E. L. Grant Watson will give his fifth talk in his series "The Common Earth." The title of this talk is "A Prophecy of Spring."

### FILMS

#### MARK FORREST'S LIST

##### LONDON FILMS

**THE PLAZA.** *Sooky and Lord Babs.* Criticized in this issue.

**THE ACADEMY.** *Sous les Toits de Paris.* This comedy of Mr. Clair's is being revived once again on Monday it will be supported by *Blackmail*, directed by Mr. Hitchcock.

**THE EMPIRE.** *Emma.* Criticized in this issue.

**THE TIVOLI.** *To-night or Never.* Criticized in this issue.

**THE RIALTO.** *A Nous la Liberté.* Mr. Clair's latest satirical comedy; the best picture in London.

**THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.** *Sunshine Susie.* This comedy with music continues. Jack Hulbert and Renate Muller.

**THE CARLTON.** *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Some of Robert Louis Stevenson's thriller with Fredric March.

#### GENERAL RELEASES

*Merely Mary Ann.* Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell of "Seventh Heaven" fame in much the same kind of entertainment.

*The Great Lover.* Adolphe Menjou and Ernest Torrence. An amusing satirical comedy.

*The Common Law.* Constance Bennett in the type of story which the censorship over here is trying to modify.

### BOOKS TO READ

#### LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

*Melba.* By Percy Colson. Grayson. 18s. A biography of the greatest prima donna.

*The Life and Work of Goethe.* By J. G. Robertson. Routledge. 12s. 6d. A new study of the German poet-philosopher.

*The Private Character of Henry VIII.* F. Chamberlain. The Bodley Head. 18s. A scholarly and well documented study of the personality of the great Tudor Monarch.

*Legends and Mysteries of the Maori.* By C. A. Wilson. Harrap. 8s. 6d. Religion and folk lore of the Pacific Islands.

*The Sex Education of Children.* By Mary W. Dennett. Routledge. 3s. 6d. A book for parents.

*Life of Sir Michael Hicks Beach.* By Lady Victoria Hicks Beach. Macmillan. 15s. A biography in two volumes of the famous Chancellor of the Exchequer.

### NOVELS

*Forward from Babylon.* By Louis Golding. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

*Midnight on the Place Pigalle.* By Maurice Dekobra. T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d.

*A Fire of Driftwood.* By D. K. Broster. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.